

PHILASTER

OR,
Love lies a bleeding

Acted at the { **Globe,**
and { **By his Majesties**
Black-friers, { **Servants,**

The Authors { **Francis Beaumont,**
and { **Gent.**
being { **John Fletcher,**

The fifth Impression.



LONDON:

Printed for **William Ley**, and are to be sold at his shop at the
 signe of the **Crown** in **St. Dunstons street**, between the two
Temple-Gates. 1652.

Printed or sold by *William Leake*, at the Signe of the Crowne
in the Middle between the two Temple Churches.

These Books following.

York's Heraldry Folio
A Bible of a very fair large Ro-
man letter 4^o
Orlando Furioso, Folio
Callis learned Readings on the Statute
21. Hen. 8^o Cap. 5. of Flowers
Perkins on the Laws of England
wth Inquiries Office of Sheriffs
Vade Mecum, of a Justice of Peace
The book of Fees
Persons Law
Mirror of Justice
Topicks in the Law of England
Shene de Significatione Verborum
Delamans use of the Horizontal Qua-
drant
Mathematical Recreations
Welby's 2^d Set of Musick, 3 4 5 and 6
Parts
Concordance to English
Dr. *Ful's* Metaphors
Mullus Fireworks
Nye's Gunnery & Fireworks
Cato Major, with Annotations, by *Wil-*
liam Austin Esquire
Metaphysicorum by *Adam Smith* Esq.
Nepes de Iussu, by *St. John* Doctor
Animadversion on *Lilii's* Grammar
The History of *Pisania*, and *Peru*.
The Spanish *Mandeville* of Miracles
Lazarillo de Tormes
Hercules and Leander, by *G. Chapman* and
Christopher Marlowe
Attilla or *Phibet*, by *Thomas*
Epigrams divine and secular, by *St. John*
Thomas Orchard
Mayer's Catechism
Exercitatio Scholastica
Bishop *Andrew's* Sermons.
Adams on Peter
Poing of the Accidence
Amicus de Gode
Guilliam's Heraldry
Herbert's Travels
Barrow Tales
Man become guilty, by *John Francis* Se-

mit, & Englished by *Henry Earl* of
Monmouth
The Idiot in four books; the first and
second of *Wisdom*; the third of the
Mind; the fourth of Statick Experi-
ments, or Experiments of the Ballance
The life and Reigne of *Henry* the
Eighth, written by the *L. Herbert*
Corwallis Essays, & Paradoxes
Grammatica Grammar 8^o
Ante Lucis of the house of light Adis-
course written in the Year 1651, by
S. N. a modern Speculator
The Five Royal of holy Scriptures, or
a new Concordance of the chief
heads of Scripture
Common Places for such as would sud-
denly command all the *Parables* in
the Bible of G. O. D. By *J. M.* 1652
A Tragedy written by the most learn-
ed *Henricus* called CHRISTUS
PATIENTS) and translated into
English by *George* Stanley.
The Mount of Olives, or Solitary De-
votion by *Henry* Paulus Sylvestri,
with an excellent Discourse of the
Method of Study of *Maxim* Clary:
written in Latin by the most Rever-
end and holy Father *Antelm* Arch-
bishop of Canterbury, and now done
into English
The Description and use of the
Mysticall Diall, whereby not
only the Motion of the Sun is shewne,
but also the Motion of the Moon is found
into is added the de-
scription of the General Herological
Ring. P. L. A. Y. S.
The Wedding The *Hollander*
Henry the Fourth *Philaster*
Maid Tragedy King and no King
The Travelling Servant
The Strange Discovery
Orlando the Moor of *Venice*.
The Merchant of *Venice*.
Tragedy of *Hoffman*.

THE STATIONER TO THE VNDERSTANDING GENTRIE.



His Play so affectionately taken, and approved by the seeing Auditors, or Hearing Spectators (of which sort I take or conceive you to be the greatest part) hath received (as appears by the copious vent of four Editions, no lesse acceptance with improvement of you likewise the Readers, albeit the first Impression swarm'd with errors, proving it selfe, like pure Gold, which the more it hath been tryed and refined, the better it is esteemed; the best poems of this kind in the first presentation, resembling that all tempting Minerall newly digged up, the Stones being brent, the labouring Miners, but you the skillfull Tryers and Refiners. Now consider how current this hath passed, under the infallible stamps of your judicious censures and applause, and (like a gainfull Office in this age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that have seen it, but by others that have merely heard thereof: here you behold me attiring the Merchant-adventurers part, yet as well for their satisfaction, as mine own benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall never lie like this Loves Bleeding, do fairly arrive at their intended Haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new Battome, set forth again, to gain the good will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting. Adieu.



The Scene being in *Cicilie.*

The persons presented are these.

viz.

THE King.
PHILASTER, heire to the Crown.
PHARAMOND, Prince of Spain.
DION, a Lord.
CLEREMONT,
THARSILINE, } Noble Gentlemen his Associates.
ARETHUSA, the Kings daughter.
GALTEA, a wise modest Lady attending the Princess.
MYRA, a lascivious Lady.
and old Wanton Lady or croon.
Another Lady attending the Princess.
EUPRASIA, Daughter of Dion, but disguised like a Page,
and called Bellaria.
An old Captain.
Five Citizens.
A Countrey fellow.
Two Woodmen.
The Kings Guard and Train.



Philaster.

PHILASTER,

Love lies a Bleeding.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter *Dion, Clement, and Philaster.*

Clement,

Here's not Lords, nor Ladies.

Dion. Credit me Gentlemen I wonder at it. They receive'd strict charge from the King, to attend here: Besides, it was boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen, that desire to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Di. Sir, it is plain about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdoms Heire, and be our Sovereigne.

Tra. Many (that will seeme to know much) say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Di. O sir, the multitude (that seldome know any thing, but their owne opinions) speake that they would have, but the Prince, before his owne approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the State, that I thinke she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these Kingdomes of *Castile* and *Calabria*.

Dion. Sir, it is (without controversie) so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour, for him to enjoy both these Kingdomes, with safetie, the right Heire to one of them living, and living so verypouly: especially, the people admiring the bravery of his minde, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaster*?

Di. Yes, whose father we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria*, unrighteously depol'd from his fruitfull *Cecilia*. My self drew some blood in those warres, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in State policie, will not let mee know, why *Philaster* (being Heire to one of these Kingdomes) the King should suffer him to walke abroad with such free libertie.

Di. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant, then to enquire after State news. But the King (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdomes, of *Cecilia* and his owne, with offering but to imprison

P H I L A S T E R.

Philaster. At which the Citie was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any State order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the Streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their armes from them; some to make bonfires, some to drinke, all for his deliverance. Which (wise men say) is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a forraigne Nation, to awe his owne with.

Enter Gallata, Megra, and a Lady.

Tra. See, the Ladies, what's the first?

Dis. A wise & modest Gentlewoman, that attends the Princesse,

Cle. The second?

Dis. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill favour'dly Dance her Measure; simper when she is Courted by her Friend, and slight her Husband. *Cle.* The last?

Di. Mary I thinke she is one whome the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes: she'll cog, & lie with a whole Army, before the league shall break: her name is common through the Kingdome, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanced beyond *Hircules* pillars. She loves to try the severall constitutions of mens bodies; and indeed has destroyed the worth of her owne body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common wealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand there ground, and not Court us.

Gal. What if they should? *Meg.* What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone: what if they should? why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad: what Forraigner would doe to it writes them directly unravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be? *Meg.* What if they be?

La. Good Madam let her goe on; what if they be? Why if they be I will justifie, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a leg, nor lay excuse me.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha. *La.* Doe you laugh Madam?

Di. Your desires upon you Ladies: *L.* Then you must sit beside us.

Di. I shall sit neere you then Lady.

La. Neere mee perhaps: But there's a Lady indures no stranger: and to me you appeare a very strange fellow.

Meg. Methinks he's not so strange, hee would quickly be acquainted.

Tra. Peace the King.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arithusa; and traine.

King. To give a stranger testimony of love,

Then

PHILASTER.

Then sickly promises (which commonly
In Princes find both birth and buriall)
In one breath, we have drawn you worthy sir,
To make your faire indeatements to your daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects:
Now lov'd and wondred at. Next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate Heire.
Both to our Bloud and Kingdomes. For this Lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirme me,
And I believe) though her few yeares and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her feares and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledg,
Onely of what her selfe, is to her selfe,
Make her feeble moderate health stand when she sleepest,
I making no ill day, knowes no ill dreames.
Thinke not (dear sir) these undivided parts,
That must mould up a Virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments;
To speake her perfect love to you, or adde
An Artificiall shadow to her nature:
No sir, I boldly dare proclaime her, yet
No Woman. But woo her still, and thinke her modesty,
A sweeter mistress then the offer'd Language
Of any Dame, were shee a Queene whose eye
Speakes common loves and comforts to her servants,
Last, noble sonne, (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus publike, is not onely
To adde a comfort in particulars,
To you or mee, but all; and to confirme
The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdomes,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this moneth at most. *Tru.* This will be hardly done.

Cl. It must be ill done, if it be done.
Di. When tis at best, twill be but halfe done,
Whilst so brave a Gentleman's wrong'd and hung off.
Tru. I feare. *Cl.* Who does not?

Di. I feare not for my selfe, and yet I feare too:
Well, we shall see, we shall see no more.

Ph. Kissing your white hand (mistress) I take leave,
To thanke your royall fat hers and thus farre,

PHILASTER

To be my owne free Tiu nper. Understand
Great King, and these your subjects mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, fir,
And so deserving I dare speake my selfe)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and vertues you would wed you Kingdoms?
You in me have your wishes, Oh this Countrey,
(By more then all my hopes I hold it
Happy, i i their deare memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is,
And from you (as a Chronicle to keepe
Your noble name from eating age) doe I,
Open my selfe most happy. Gentle men
Beleeve me in a word, a Princes word
There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdome
Mighty, and flourishing, defended, fear'd,
Equall to be commanded, and obey'd.
But through the travels of my life, I'll find it,
And tye it to this Countrey. And I vow
My reigne shal' be so easie to the subjects,
That every man shall be his Pounce him selfe,
And his owne law tyet I his Prince, and law,
And dearest Lady, to your detrich selfe,
(Deare, in the choise of him, whole name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) Let me say,
You are the blessed if living? for I wees Princesse,
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your servant? you shall make him your, for whom
Great Queens must die.

Tri. Miraculous
Cle. this speech calls him *Spaniard*; being nothing but
a large inventory of his owne commendations.

Enter Philaster.

Di. I wonder what his price? But certainly he'll sell himselfe,
he has so prais'd his Chapet. But here comes one, more worthy those
large speeches, then the large speaker of them? let me be swallowed
quick, if I can find, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one
sinew sound enough to promise for him, he shall be Constable. By
this Sun, he'll make King, unless it be for trifles? in my
poor judgment.

PHILASTER.

Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience
And with a heart as joyall as my knee,
I beg your favour.

K. Rise, you have it sir.

Di. Marke but the King how pale he lookes with feare.
Oh, this same whereof Conscience, how it fadeth us!

K. Speake your intents sir. *Phi.* Shall I speake unfreely?

Be still my royall Sovereigne. *K.* As a subject.

We give you freedom. *Di.* Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turne

My language to you Prince, you forraigne man.

Ne're stare nor put on wonder, for you must

Indure mee, and you shall. This earth yoe tread upon.

(A dowry as you hope with this fair Princess,

Whose memory I bow to) was not left

By my dead Father (Oh, I had a Father)

To your inheritance, and I up and living

Having my selfe about me and my sword,

The soules of all my name, and memories;

These arms and some few friends, beside the Pocke,

To part so calmly with it, and he still

And say I might have been. I tel thee *Phi* amand

When thou art King, looke I be dead and rotten,

And my name athes, For, hear me *Phi* amand

This very ground thou goest on this fat earth,

My Fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,

Before that day of shame, shall eape and swallow

Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,

Into her hidden bowels: Prince, it shall;

By *Nemesis* it shall. *Phi.* He's mad beyond cure, mad.

Di. Here's a fellow has some fire in's veins:

The outlandish Prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, Prince of Poppinjayes. I'll make it well appeare

To you I am not mad. *K.* You displease us.

You are to bold. *Phi.* No sir, I am too tame,

Too much a Turtle, a thing born without passion.

A faint shadow, that every drunken drow'd sails over

And makes nothing. *K.* I do not fance this.

Call our Physicians here he is somewhat tainted.

P H I L A S T E R .

Tru. I doe not think it will prove so.

Di. Has given him a generall purge already, for all the sight hee has, and now he means to let him blood : Be constant Gentlemen, by these hilts I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the Kingdom.

Ch. Peace, we are one soul.

Phi. What you have seene in me; to stir offence,

I cannot find, unless it be this Lady,

Offer'd into my armes, with the succession,

Which I must keepe though it hath pleas'd your fury

To muteny within you; without disputing

Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledg

Whose branch you are. The King will leave it me.

And I dare make it mine; you have your answer.

Phi. If thou weare sole inheritor to him,

That made the world his; and couldst see no sun

Shine upon any thine but thine: were *Pharamond*

As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,

And ring'd amongst the choicest of his friends,

Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,

Or back such bellied commendations.

And from this present: Spight of all these bugs,

You should hear further from me. *K.* Sir, you wrong the Prince:

I gave you not this freedome to brave our best friends,

You deserve our frown: Goe to, be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be fir, when I am nobler us'd. *Gal.* Ladies,

This would have been a pattern of succession,

Had he ne're met this mischief. By my life,

He is the worthiest the true name of man

This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,

But the other is the man set in my eye;

Oh! 'tis a Prince of wax. *Gal.* A dog it is. *K.* *Philaster*, tell me,

The injuries you aime at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes fir, and sufferance,

My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,

My want's great, and now naught but hopes and fears,

My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at.

Dare you be still my King and right me not?

K. Give me your wrongs in private.

They whisper,

Phi. Take them, and ease me of a load would bow strong *Atlas*.

Ch.

PHILASTER.

Cl. He dares not stand the shock.

Di. I cannot blame him, there's danger in't. Every man in this age, has not a soul of Christall, for all men to read their actions through: mens hearts and faces are so far a lunder, that they hold no intelligence. Doe but view you stranger well, and you shall see a seaver through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true tenant; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the report of an Elder Gun, I have no augury. *K.* Goe to? Be more your selfe, as you respect our fa your: You'll sit us else: Sir, I must have you know That y are and shall be at our pleasure, what fashion we Will put upon you: smooeth your brow, or by the gods.

Phi. I am dead fir, y are my fate: it was not I Said I was not wrong'd: I carry all about me, My weak stars led me to; all my weak fornicies. Who dares in all this presence speak (that is But man of flesh and may be mortall) tell me I doe not most intirely love this Prince, And honour his full vertues. *K.* Sure hee's posselt,

Phi. Yes, with my fathers spirit: It's here, O King! A dangerous spirit, now he tells me King I was a Kings heir, bids me be a King. And whispers to me, these be all my subjects. 'Tis strange, he will not let me sleepe, but dives Into my fancie, and there gives me shapes. That kneele, and doe me service, cry me King: But I'll suppress him; he's a faction spirit, And will undoe me: noble fir, your hand, I am your servant.

K. Away, I doe not like this: I'll make you camer, or I'll dispossesse you Both of life and spirit: For this time I pardon your wilde speech, without so much As your imprisonment.

Exit K. Phi. Are.

Di. I thank you fir, you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand: but eye you stranger, is he not a fine compleat Gentleman? O these strangers, I do affect them strangely: they doe the rarest home things, and please the fullest: as I live, I could love all the Nation over and over for his sake.

Gal.

P H I L A S T E R

Gal. Pride comfort your poor head-peece Lady, th's a weak on
and had need of a night cap.

Di. See how his fancy labours, has he not spoke
Home, and bravely? what a dangerous train
Did he give fire to? How he shooke the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whay: it stood upon his brow
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen
You have no suit to me; I am no Knight;
You stand (me thinks) like men that would be Courtiers
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undoe your children: y'are all honest:
Goe get you home againe, and make your Countrey
A vertuous Court, to which your great Ones may
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you worthy sir? *Phi.* Well, very welly
And so wel, that if the King please, I find
I may live many yeares;

Di. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries: shrinke not, worthy sir,
But adde your Father to you: in whose name,
Wee'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your swords point. *Phi.* Friends, no more,
Our yeares may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: doe you love me?

Tra. Do we love Heaven, and Honour,
Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had

A vertuous Gentlewoman, cald you father.
Is she yet alive? *Di.* Most honor'd sir, she is:
And for the penance but of an idle dreame,
Has undertooke a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.
Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?
La. to you, brave Lord: the Princess would intreat

Your present company
Phi. The Princess send for me? y'are mistaken.

P H I L A S T E R.

La. If you be call'd *Philaster*, tis to you I will go.

Phi. Kisse her hand, and say I will amend her broken sedition.

Di. Do you know what you do? *Phi.* Yes, go to see a woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in? *Phi.* I will not.

Phi. Danger in a sweet face? *Di.* I will not. *Phi.* By Jupiter I must not fear a woman.

Tra. But are you sure it was the Princess sent? *Phi.* I know it.

It may be some foul train to catch your life, *Phi.* I will not.

Phi. I do not think it. Gentlemen: she's noble, her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red lips may

And white friends in her face may steal my soul out of me.

There's all the danger in't: but be what may,

Her single name hath arm'd me. *Di.* Go on: I shall see.

And be as truly happy, as th'art searlesse.

Come Gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,

Least the King prove false. *Exit Gentlemen.*

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Comes he not? *La.* Madam? would he had.

Are. Will *Philaster* come? *La.* Dear Madam, you were wont

To credit me at first.

Are. But dost thou tell me so?

I am forgetfull, and my womans strength

Is so overcharg'd with dangers like to grow,

About my marriage, that these under things

Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:

How look't he, when he told thee he would come?

La. Why, well. *Are.* And not a little fearful?

La. Feare Madam? sure he knowes not what he is.

Are. You are all of his Faction; the whole Court

Is bold in praise of him, whilst I

May live neglected: and doe noble things;

As tooles in strife throw gold into the Sea;

Drown'd in the doing: but I know he feares.

La. Fear? Madam (me thought) he lookes hid more

Of love then feare.

Are. Of love? To whom? To you?

Did you deliver those plaine words I sent,

With such a winning gesture, and quick look

That you have caught him?

La. Madam, I mean to you.

PHILASTER.

Are. Of love to me? Alas, thy ignorance
 Lets thee not see the crosse of our birth
 Nature, that loves not to be questioned
 Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
 And knowes she does well, never gave the world
 Two things so opposite, so contrary,
 As he and I am: If a bowle of blood
 Drawne from this arme of mine, would poyson thee,
 A draught of his would cure thee: Of love to me?

La. Madam, I thinke I heare him.

Are. Bring him in:

You Gods that would not have your doomes withstood,
 Whose holy wisdomes at this time it is,
 To make the passion of a feeble maid,
 The way unto your Justice: I obey.

Enter Phi.

La. Here is my Lord *Philaster*.

Are. Oh 'tis well:

Withdraw your selfe. *Phi.* Madam, your Messenger
 Made me believe, you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true *Philaster*, but the words are such,
 I have to say, and do so ill become
 The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
 And yet am loth to speake them. Have you known,
 That I have ought detracted from your worth?
 Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set
 My baser Instruments to throw disgrace
 Upon your vertues?

Phi. Never Madam you.

Are. Why then should you in such a publique place,
 Injure a Princess, and a scandall lay
 Upon my fortunes, shou'd to be so great:
 Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speake, will be
 Foolish: but for your faire and vertuous selfe,
 I could afford my selfe to have no right
 To anything you wish'd. *Are.* *Philaster*, know
 I must enjoy these Kingdomes.

Phi. Madam, both?

Are. Both, or I dye: by Fate *La.* *Philaster*.
 If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
 Yet would be loth to have posterity
 Find in our stories: that *Philaster* gave

PHILASTER.

His right unto a Scepter: and a Crowne,
To save a Ladies longing. *Are.* Nay then heare I must,
I must, and will have them and more. *Phi.* What more?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared,
To trouble this poor piece of earth withall.

Phi. Madam, what more? *Are.* Turne then away thy face:

Phi. No. *Are.* Doe.

Phi. I cannot endure it: turne away my face?
I never yet saw enemy that lookt

So dreadfully, but that I thought my selfe
As great a Basiliske as hee; or spake

So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore it under underneath, as much as his:

Nor beast that I could turne from: shall I then
Begin to feare sweet sounds? a Ladies voyce,

Whom I do love? Say you would have my life,
Why, I will give it you: for it is of me,

A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask,
Of so poor use, that I shall make an price,

If you intreat, I will unmov'dly heare.

Are. Yet for my sake a little bend thy lookes. *Phi.* I doe.

Are. Then know I must have them, and thee. *Phi.* And me?

Are. Thy love: without which, all the Land
Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,

But to be buried in. *Phi.* If possible

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee: Now, though thy breath doth strike me dead
(Which know it may) I have unript my breast:

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a traine for this contemned life,

Which you may have for asking: to suspect

Were base, where I deserve no ill: love you,

By all my hopes I do, above my life:

But how this passion should proceed from you,

So violently would amaze a man, That would be jealous:

Are. Another soul into my body shot,

Could not have fill'd me with more strength & spirit,

Then this thy breath: but spend not hasty time,

In seeking how I came thus: tis the gods.

The gods, that make me so; and sure our love

PHILASTER.

Will be the nobler, and the better blest;
 In that the secret justice of the gods
 Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kisse,
 Left some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
 And we should part without it. *Phi.* I will be ill,
 I should abide here long. *Are.* Tis true: and worse,
 You should come often: How shall we devise
 To hold intelligence? That our true loves,
 On any new occasion may agree; What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a Boy, Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent;
 Not yet seen in the Court, Hunting the Buck,
 I found him sitting by a fountains side,
 Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
 And paid the Nymph again as much in teares;
 A Garland lay him by, made by himselfe,
 Of many severall flowers, bred in the bay,
 Stuck in that mystick order, that the rarest
 Delighted me: but ever when he turned
 His tender eyes upon um, he would weep,
 As if he meant to make um grow againe;
 Seeing such pretty helplesse woe,
 I dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
 He told me that his parents gentle dyed,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him roots; and of the christall Springs,
 Which did not stop their courses; and the Sunne,
 Which still, he thank'd him yielded him his light.
 Then took he up his Garland, and did shew,
 What every flower as Countrey people hold,
 Did signifie: and how all or loved thus,
 Expreit his griefe: and to my thoughts did read
 The prettiest lecture of his Countrey Art,
 That could be wisht: so that, me thought, I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
 Who was glad to follow, and have got
 The truest, lovingst, and the gentlest boy,
 That ever master kept: Him will I send
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. Tis well, no more.

La.

PHILASTER.

La. Madam, the Prince is come to doe his service.

Arc. VVhat wil you doe *Philaster* with your selfe?

Pbi. VVny, that which all the gods have appointed out for me.

Arc. Deare, hide thy selfe: Bring in the Prince.

Pbi. Hide me from *Pharamond*?

Whenthunder speaks, which is the voice of *Jove*,

Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;

And shall a stranger Prince have leave to brag

Unto a forraigne Nation, that he made *Philaster* hide himselfe?

Arc. He cannot know it.

Pbi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,

It is a simple sinne to hide my selfe,

Which will for ever on my conscience lye.

Arc. Then good *Philaster* give him scope and way

In what he sayes: for he is apt to speake,

What you are loath to hear: for my sake do. *Pbi.* I will.

Enter *Pharamond*.

Pbi. My princely Mistresse, as true lovers ought,

I come to kisse these fair hands; and to shew

In outward ceremonies, the deare love

Writ in my heart. *Pbi.* If I shall have an answer no directlier

I am gone. *Pbi.* To what would he have an answer?

Arc. To his claime unto the Kingdome.

Pbi. Sirra, I forbear you before the King.

Pbi. Good sir, do so still, I would not talke with you.

Pbi. But now the time is fitter, doe but offer

To make mention of right to any Kingdome,

Though it be scarce habitable. *Pbi.* Good sir let me goe.

Pbi. And by my sword. *Pbi.* Peace *Pharamond*: if thou

Arc. Leave us *Philaster*. *Pbi.* I have done.

Pbi. You are gone: by heaven I'll fetch you back,

Pbi. You shall not need. *Pbi.* What now?

Pbi. Know *Pharamond*,

I loath to brawle with such a blast as thou,

Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if

Thou shalt provoke me further: men shall say

Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pbi. Do you slight

My greatnesse so, and in the chamber of the Princeesse?

Pbi. It is a place, to which I must confesse

PHILASTER.

I owe a reverence : but w^er't the Church ;
 I at the Altar, ther's no place so safe,
 Where thou darst injure me, but I dare kill thee :
 And for your greatnesse ; know sir, I can graspe
 You, and your greatnesse thus, thus into nothing :
 Give not a word, nor a word back : Farewell. *Exit Phi.*

Pha. Tis an odd fellow Madam, we must stop
 His mouth with some office, when we are married.

Arc. You were best make him your controul^r.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But Madam,
 I hope our hearts are knit ; and yet so slow
 The ceremonies of State are, that twill be long
 Before our hands be so : If then you please
 Being agreed in heart, let us not waite
 For dreaming forme, but take a little stolne
 Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come :

Arc. If you dare speak such thoughts,
 I must withdraw in honour. *Exit Arc.*

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the
 wedding ; I must seeke else-where. *Exit Pha.*

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. And thou shalt finde her honourable boy ;
 Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
 For thine own modesty ; and for my sake,
 Apt^r to give, then thou wilt be to aske, I, or deserve.

Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing ;
 And onely yet am something, by being yours ;
 You trusted me unknown, and that which you were apt,
 To conser, a simple innocence in me,
 Perhaps, might have been craft ; the cunning of a boy
 Hardened in lies and theft ; yet ventur'd you,
 To part my miseries and me ; For which,
 I never can expect to serve a Lady,
 That beares more honour in her breast then you.

Phi. But boy, it will preferre thee ; thou art young,
 And bearest a childish overflowing love,
 To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet,

But

PHILASTER.

But when thy judgement comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life;
She is a Princess I preferre thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty, I remember,
My father would preferre the boyes he kept
To greater men then he, but did it not,
Till they were grown too sawcy for himselfe.

Phi. Why gentle boy, I finde no fault at all in thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth,
I shall be willing, if not apt to learne,
Age and experience will adorne my minde,
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilfull fault, think me not past all hope
For once; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To breake my stubbornnesse if it be so,
Rather then turne me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weepe to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turne thee off; thou knowest
It is my businesse that doth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her thou dwel'st with me:
Think so, and tis so; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one: I will againe
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will;
Nay, weepe not, gentle boy; 'Tis more then time
Thou didst attend the Princess. *Bel.* I am gone;
But since I am to part with you my Lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you; take this little prayer;
Heaven blesse your loves, your fights, all your designs,
May sick men, if they have your wish be well,
And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one. *Exr.*

Phi. The love of boyes unto their Lords is strange,

PHILASTER.

I have read wonders of it, yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks,
And speech) would out doe story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty.

Exit Phi.

Enter Ibarmond.

Iba. Why should these Ladies stay so long? They must come this way; I know the Quene employes um not, for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, & in my conscience tis not my fault: Oh, for our country Ladies. Heere's on boulded, I'll bound at her.

Enter Galatea,

Gal. Your grace.

Phi. Shall I not be a trouble? *Gal.* Not to me sir,

Phi. Nay nay, you ate too quick; by this sweet hand.

Gal. You'll be forsworne sir, tis but an old glove. If you will talke at distance, I am for you: but good Prince be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I barre, and then I think, I shall have sence enough to answer all the weighty *Aposhegmes* your royall blood shall manage. *Phi.* Deare Lady can you love?

Gal. Deare Prince how deare? I ne're cost you a Coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet; Here's no Scarlet sir, to blush the sinne out, it was given for: This wyer mine own haire covers: and this face has beene so farre from being dear to any, that it ne're cost penny painting: And for the rest of my poor Wardrope, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife, curse our good doings.

Phi. You mistake me Lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so; would you, or I could helpe it,

Phi. Do Ladies of this Countrey use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full Being? I understand you not unlesse your grace means growing to farnesse; and then your onely remedy (upon my knowledge Prince) is in a morning a cup of near White wine, brew'd with *Carduus*, then tast till supper, about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a Sparrow-hawke, you can shoot in a Tiller; But of all, your Grace must flie *Phlebotomie*, fresh Porke, Conger, and clarified whay; They are all dullers of the vitall spirits.

Phi. Lady you talke of nothing, all this while.

Gal. Tis very true sir, I talke of you.

Phi. This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, it will be rare to
sirre

P H I L A S T E R.

Risre up a leaden appetite; she's a *Diana*, and must be courted in a showre of gold. Madam, looke here, all these, and more; then—

Gal. What have you there, my Lord? *godd?* Now, as I live tis faire gold; you would have silver for it to play with the Pages; you could not have taken me in a worse time; But if you have present use my Lord, I'll lend my man with silver, and keep your gold for you. *Pha.* Lady, Lady.

Gal. She's coming fir behind, will take white money. Yet for all this I'll match yee. *Exit Gal. Behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this Kingdome, & neere the Court, we may even hang up our harpes: ten such *Campbier* constitutions as this, would call the golden age againe in question, and teach the old way for every ill fac'd husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider.

Enter Megra.

Here's another; if she be of the same last, the devill shall pluck her on. Many faire mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many dayes, Faire, sweet, and hopefull to your Grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; Sure this wench is free; If your more serious businesse doe not call you, Let me hold quarter with you, we'll talke an houre Out quickly. *Meg.* What would your grace talke of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as your selfe. I'll go no further than your eye, or lip; There's theame enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even, Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough, Or my glasse wrongs me.

Pha. O they are two twin'd cherries di'd in blushes, Which those faire suns above, with their bright beame Reflect upon, and ripen: sweetest beauty, Bow down those branches, that the longing taste, Of the faint looker on, may meet those blessings, And taste and live.

Meg. O delicate sweet Prince; She that hath snow enough about her hearr, To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off, May be a Nunne without probation.

Sir, you have in such neat poetry, gathered a kisse, That if I had but fye lines of that number,

PHILASTER.

Such pretty begging blankes: I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheekes, and kisse you too.

Pha. Doe it in prose; you cannot misse it Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall. *Pha.* By my life, you shall not.

I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Me thinkes tis easie, now I ha don't before;

But yet I should stick at it. *Pha.* Stick till to morrow,

I'll ne're part you sweetest. But we lose time;

Can you love me?

Meg. Love you my Lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a shorr sentence, cause I wil not load your
memory, this is all: love me, and lye with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you that you said? 'Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing minde, that will endeavour; If I do not
teach you to do it as easly in one night, as you'l go to bed: I'll
lose my royall blood for't.

Meg. Why Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet
wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a Mare the old measures, then teach her
any thing belonging to the function; she's afraid to lye with her
selfe, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her; I know
when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foule fault indeed, but time
and your good helpe will wear it out fir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear selfe, dearest
Lady, I had rather be fir *Tim* the Schoolmaster, and leape a dayry
Maid. *Meg.* Has your Grace sent the Court-Barre *Galatea*?

Pha. Out upon her; she's ascolde of her favour as an apoplex;
she saild by but now. *Meg.* And how do you hold her wit fir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold
it, if they were tied to it, she would blow um out of the Kingdome;
They talke of *Jupiter*, he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well
about you, and you may find a tongue bolt. But speak sweet Lady,
shal I be freely welcome? *Meg.* Whither?

Pha. To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you do me the un-
noblest wrong. *Meg.* I dare not prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make you your owne conditions, my purse shall seale um, and
what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withall: I
give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come,
I know you are bashfull, speak in my eare, wil you be mine? keep
this,

PHILASTER.

this, and with it we; soone I will visit you.

Meg. My Lord, my chamber's most unsafe, but when tis night
I'll finde some meanes to slip into your lodgings: til when—

Pha. Til when, this, &c my heart go with thee. *Ex. severally.*

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh thou pernicious perticote Prince; are these your vertues?
Well, if I doe not lay a traine to blow your sport up, I am no wo-
man; and Lady Towlabell I'll fit you for'c. *Exit. Gal.*

Enter Arcthusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy? *La.* Within, Madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloathes?

La. I did. *Are.* And has he don't?

La. Yes Madam. *Are.* Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not?
Asked you his name? *La.* No Madam. *Enter Galatea.*

Are. O you are welcome, what good newes?

Gal. A good as any one can tel your Grace,
That sayes she has done that you would have wish'd

Are. Hast thou discovered?

Gal. I have strained a point of modesty for you.

Are. I preethee how?

Gal. In listning after bawdery; I see yet a Lady live never so mo-
destly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time, to haiken after baw-
dery; your Prince, brave *Pharmand*, was so hot on't.

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the Lady I suspect; I can tel the time and place.

Are. O when, and whete? *Gal.* To night, his Lodging.

Are. Runne thy selfe into the presence, mingle there again
With other Ladies, leave the rest to me;

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,

Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so,

In lasting leaves (whose smallest Characters

Was never altered;) yet, this match shall breake.

Wher's the boy; *La.* Here Madam. *Enter Bellario.*

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service, is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wayte on you,
To do him service. *Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me;

Tell me thy name. *Bel.* Bellario.

Are. Thou canst sing, and play.

Bel. If griefe will give me leave. Madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of griefe can thy yeares know?

PHILASTIA

Hadst thou a curst master, whilst thou wast a school-boy, didst
Thou art not capable of such guile: I do not know thee.
Thy brower an lachrymose and moose as waters his,
When no breath cometh from a bellows, the boy
Care seeks out wrinkles bedwax, and hollow eyes
And builds himself caves to abide in them.

Come sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?

Bel. Love Madam? I know not what it is. I yield him none.

Are. Canst thou know praise, and never yet knew'st love?

Thou art deceiv'd boy; dost he speak of me?

As if he wish'd me well?

To forget all respect of his own friends,

In thinking of your face? if it be love,

To sit cross arm'd and sigh away the day,

Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud

And hastily, as men the streets do fire:

If it be love to weep himself away,

When he but hears of any Lady dead;

Or kil'd because it might have been your chance,

If when he goes to rest (which will not be)

Twix every prayer he says, to name you once,

As others drop a bead; be to be in love;

Then Madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. O, 'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,

For your Lords credit; but thou knowest, a lie

That bears this sound, is welcome to me,

Then any truth that says he loves me not.

Lead the way boy: Do you attend me too?

Tis thy Lords businessse hastes me thus: Away.

Enter Dion, Cleremon, Trasilin, Magera, Galatea.

Di. Come Ladies, shall we take a round? As men

Do walk a mile, women should walk an houre

After supper: Tis their exercise. Gal. Tis late.

Meg. Tis all;

My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I feare they are so heavy, you'll scarce finde

The way to your lodging withun to night.

Enter Pharamond.

Tra. The Prince.

I ha. Nor a bed Ladies, y'are good fitters up;

What

PAULINE SITE A.

What thinke you of a pleasant dream to last
Till morning?

Meg. I should choose my Lord a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arachusa and Bellario

Are. Tis well my Lord; y^e are courting of Ladies.
Is not late Gentlemen?

Are. Waite you there.

Meg. She's jealous, as I live; shok you my Lord;
The Princessse has a *Willow* an *Almond*: *Pha* His form is Angel-like.

Meg. Why this is he, must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollon*, with
His hand and voyce binding your thoughts in sleepe;
The Princessse does provide him for you, and for herselfe.

Pha. I finde no musique in these boyes.
They can do little, and that small they doe,
They have not wit to hide.

Tra. Yes. *Di.* Tis a sweet boy, how brave she keeps him?

Pha. Ladies all good rest; I mean to kill a Buck
To morrow morning, ere y^e ave done your dreames.

Meg. All happinesse attend your Grace, Gentlemen good rest,
Come shall we to bed? *Gal.* Yes, all good night. *Exit Gal. & Meg.*

Di. May your dreames be true to you;
What shall we doe Gallants? Tis late, the King

Is up still, & he comes, a Guard along
With him. *Enter King, Arachusa, and Guards.*

K. Looke your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life it is, and I doe hope;

Your highnesse will not tye me to a man;
That in the heat of woeing throwes me off,
And takes another.

Di. What should this meane?

K. If it be true,
That Lady had been better have embrac'd
Cutelesse diseases; get you to your rest,

You shall be righted: Gentlemen draw neere,
We shall imploy you; Is young *Pharamond*

Come to his lodging? *Di.* I saw him enter these.

K. Hatt some of you, and cunningly discover,
If *Meg* be in her lodging.

She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

K. If she be there, we shall not need to make

P H A L A S T E R A

A vaine discovery of our suspicion;
 You gods I see, that who unrighteously
 Holds wealth or state from others, shall be cutt,
 In that, which meaner men are blest withall:
 Ages to come shall know no male of him
 Left to inherit, and his name shall be
 Blotted from earth; If he have any child,
 It shall be crossly match'd: & the gods themselves
 Shall sow wild strife betwixt her Lord and her.
 Yet, if it be your will, forgive the sinne
 I have committed, let it not fall.
 Upon this understanding child of mine
 She has not broke your Lawes; but how can I,
 Look to be heard of gods, that must be just?
 Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion.

Di. Sir I have asked, and her women swear she is within, but they I thinke are bowdes; I told em I must speak with her: they laugh, and said their Lady lay speechlesse. I said, my businesse was important, they said their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cryed my businesse was a matter, that concern'd life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their Lady was; I urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so, since last I saw her; they smil'd again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking: Answers more direct I could not get in short fir, I think she is not there.

K. Tis then no time to dally: you o'th Guard.
 Wait at the back doore of the Princes lodging,
 And see that none passe hence upon your lives.
 Knock Gentlemen: knock loud: lower yett
 What, has their pleasure, taken off their hearing?
 I'll break your meditations; knock againe:
 Not yet? I do not think he sleeps; having this
 Larum by him; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What sawcy grooms knock at this dead of night?
 Where be our waiters? By my vexed soule,
 He meets his death, that meets me for this boldnesse.

K. Prince you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends;
 Come down. *Pha.* The King? *K.* The same sir, come down,

P H I L A S T E R.

We have cause of present counsel with you.

Pha. If your Grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your Chamber.

K. No, tis too late Prince, I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to my selfe,
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot;
Nay presse not forward Gentlemen, he must come
Through my life, that comes here. *Enter.*

K. Sir, be resoly'd I must, and will come.

Pha. I will not be dishonour'd;
He that enters, enters upon his death;
Sir, tis a signe you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegados to my chamber,
At these unseason'd houres.

K. Why do you
Chafe your selfe so? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be
Opely I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To our selfe known: *Enter I say.* *Pha.* I say no. *Meg. above*

Meg. Let um enter Prince.

Let um enter, I am up, and ready, I know their businesse,
Tis the poore breaking of a Ladies honour;
They hunt so hotly after; let um enjoy it,
You have your businesse Gentlemen, I lay here.
O my Lord the King, this is not poble in you.
To make publique the weaknesse of a woman. *K.* Come down.

Meg. I dare my Lord; your whootings and your clamors,
Your private whispers, and your bread fleecings,
Can no more vex my soule, then this bale carriage,
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment. *K.* Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worships; but I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not.

K. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this loosenesse,
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no mote,
Conduct him to my lodging, and to bed.

Cl. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.

Di. Tis strange a man cannot ride a Stagge
Or two, to breath himselfe without a warrant;
If this geere hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety,

That

P. HILASTER.

That they be not by some trick of State mistaken.

Bitter with Megra.

K. Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now?
 No man can fix your pain, but the Prince.
 Thou most ill shrowded rottenness; thou piece
 Made by a Painter and a Pothuery;
 Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,
 Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou throne of
 Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;
 Thou all sinne, all hell, and last, all Devils, tell mee,
 Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
 But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter.
 By all the gods, all these, and all the Pages,
 And all the Court shall note thee through the Court;
 Fling rotten Oranges; make ribald rhymes;
 And seare thy name with candles upon walls:
 Doe you laugh Lady Venus?

Meg. Faith sir, you must pardon me;
 I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry.
 If you do this, O King; say, if you dare do it;
 By all those gods you swore by, and as many
 More of my owne; I will have fellowes, and such
 Fellowes in it, as shall make noble mirth;
 The Princess your deare daughter, shall stand by me
 On walls, and sing in ballads, any thing;
 Urge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,
 Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will discover all;
 Nay will dishonour her. I know the boy
 She keeps, a handsome boy; about eighteen;
 Know what she does with him, where, and when.
 Come sit, you put me to a womans madness;
 The glory of a fury; and if I doe not
 Doe it to the hight?

K. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas, good minded prince, you know not these things; I
 am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault
 As you would keep your health from the hot aire
 Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,
 I will not fall alowes what I have knowne,
 Shall be as publique as a prince all tongues

Shall

PHILASTER.

Shall speake it as they doe the language they
Are borne in, as free and commonly; I'll be it
Like a prodigious starre for all to gaze at,
And so high & glowing, that other Kingdomes far and forraign.
Shall read it there: nay travail with it, till they finde
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair Princessse. *K.* Has she a boy.

Cl. So please your Grace I have scene a boy waite
On her, a fair boy. *K.* Goe, get you to your quarter;
For this time I'll study to forget you.

Meg. Doe you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you.

Ex. K. Meg. Guard.

Cl. Why here's a male spirit for *Hercules*, if ever there be
nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride a stride, and be
their Captaine.

Di. Sure she has a garrison of Devils in her tongue, she utte-
red such bals of wild-fire. She has so nettled the King, that all the
Doctors in the countrey will scarce cure him. That boy was a
strange found out antidote to cure her infection: that boy, that
Princessse boy: that brave chaff, vertuous Ladies boy: and a faire
boy, a well spoken boy: All these considered, can make nothing
else—but there I leave you Gentlemen.

Tra. Nay, wee'll go wander with you.

Exeunt.

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter Cl. Di. Tra.

Cl. Nay, doubtlesse tis true. *Di.* I, and tis the gods
That rais'd this punishment to scourge the King
With his own issues: Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land;
For us, that should be free men, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster: prest down from his royall right,
By this regardlesse King; and onely look,
And see the Scepter ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious Lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be
Married to you strange Prince, who, but that people
Please to let him be a Prince, is borne a slave,

E

In

PHILASTER.

In that which should be his most noble part:
His minde. *Tra.* That man that would not fight with you,
To aid *Philaster*, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth.

Cle. *Philaster* is too backward in't himselfe;
The Gentry do await it; and the people
Against their nature are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, they move
With a stiffe gale; their heads bow all one way.

Di. The onely cause that drawes *Philaster* back
From this attempt, is the faire Princes love,
Which he admires and we can now confute.

Tra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.

Di. Why Gentlemen, tis without question so.

Cle. It is past speech, the lives dishonestly,
But how shall we, if he be curious, worke
Upon his faith. *Tra.* We all are satisfied within our selves,

Di. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge,
I'll say I know it nay, I'll sweare I saw it.

Cle. It will be best, *Tra.* I will move him. *Enter Philast.*

Di. Here he comes. Good morrow to your honour,
We have spent some time in seeking you. *Phi.* My worthy friends,
You that can keepe your memories to know
Your friend in miseries and cannot frowne,
On men disgrac'd for vertue: A good day
Attend you all. What service may I doe worthy your acceptation?

Di. My good Lord,
We come to urge that vertue which we know
Lives in your breast, forth, rise, and make a head
The Nobles, and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping King; and nota man
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As Vertue, but will second your attempts

Phi. How honourable is thy love in you,
To methat have deserv'd none. Know my friends
(You that were borne to shame your poore *Philaster*,
With too much courtesy) I could afford
To melt my selfe in thanks; but my desires
Are not yet ripe, suffice it that ere long

P H I L A S T E R.

I shall employ your loves; but yet the time is short of what I would.

Di. The time is fuller fir, than you expect;

That which hereafter will not perhaps be reach'd

By violence, may now be caught; As for the King,

You know the people have long hated him;

But now the Princess, whom they lov'd. *Phi.* Why, what of her?

Di. Is loath'd as much as he. *Phi.* By what strange means?

Di. She's known a whore. *Phi.* Thou lyest.

Di. My Lord— *Phi.* Thou lyest. *Offers to draw & is held.*

And thou shalt feel it; I had thought thy mind

Had been of honour; thus to rob a Lady

Of her good name, is an infectious sinne,

Not to be pardon'd; be it false as hell,

T'will never be redeem'd, if it be sowne

Amongst the people, fruitful to increase

All evill they shall heare. Let me alone;

That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs;

Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man

That utters this, and I will scale them all,

And from the utmost top fall on his neck;

Like thunder from a cloud. *Di.* This is most strange;

Sure he does love her. *Phi.* I do love faire truth;

She is my mistress, and who injures her,

Drawes vengeance from me. Sirs, let goe my armes.

Tra. Nay, good my Lord be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,

That comes to do his service, and will shew you

Why he utter'd this. *Phi.* I ask you pardon sir,

My zeale to truth made me unmannerly;

Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,

Behind your back untruly? I had been

As much displeas'd, and enrag'd as now.

Di. But this my Lord is truth;

Phi. O say not so, good sir forbear to say so;

Tis the truth that all woman-kind is false;

Urge it no more, it is impossible;

Why should you thinke the Princess light?

Di. Why, she was taken at it.

Phi. Tis false, O heaven tis false: it cannot be,

Can it? Speake Gentlemen, for love of truth speake;

PHILASTER.

Is possible? can woman all be dam'd? *Di.* Way no, my Lord.

Pbi. Why then it cannot be, *Di.* And she was taken with her boy.

Pbi. What boy? *Di.* A Page, a boy that serves her.

Pbi. Oh good gods, a little boy? *Di.* I know you him my Lord.

Pbi. Hell and hence, know him? fir, you are deceiv'd;

I'll reason it a little coldly with you.

If she were huffull, would she take a boy.

That knowes not yet desire? she would have one

Should reves her thoughts, and knowes the sin he Acts,

Which is the great delight of wickednesse;

You are abus'd, and so is she, and I. *Di.* How you, my Lord?

Pbi. Why all the world's abus'd,

In an unjust report. *Di.* Oh, noble fir, your vertues

Cannot looke into the subtile thoughts of woman,

In short my Lord, I tooke them; J my selfe.

Pbi. Now all the devils thou didst, flie from my rage,

Would thou hadst tane devils ingendring plagues,

When thou didst take them; hide thee from my eyes,

Would thou hadst taken Thunder on thy breast,

VVhen thou didst take them, or been stricken dumbe

For ever; that this foule deed might have slept in silence.

Tra. Have you known him so ill temper'd? *Cle.* Never before.

Pbi. The winds that are let loose,

From the four several corners of the earth,

And spread themselves all over sea and land,

Kisse not a chaste one. VVhat friend beares a sword

To runne me through?

Di. VVhy, my Lord, are you so mov'd at this?

Pbi. When any fals from vertue J am distract,

J have an interest in't.

Di. But good my Lord recall your selfe,

And thinke what's best to be done.

Pbi. I thank you, I will do it;

Please you to leave me, I'll consider of it;

To morrow I will finde your lodging forth,

And give you answer.

The readiest way. *Di.* All the gods direct you.

Tra. He was extreame impatient.

Cle. It was his vertue and his noble minde.

Exit Di. Cle. Tra.

Pbi.

PHILASTER.

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them,
I'll follow him, O that I had a sin
Within my brest, to quench the fire I feele;
More circumstances will but fan this fire;
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, then simply that tis done.
And he that tells me this is honourable,
As farre from lies, as she is farre from truth.
O that like beasts, we could not grieve our selves,
With that we see not; Bulls and Rams will fight,
To keepe their females, standing in their sight;
But take um from them, and you take at once
Their spleenes away; and they will feed again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet,
As twas before; finding no start in sleepe.

But miserable man; See, see you gods, *Enter Bellaria.*
He walkes still; and the face you let him weare
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted; is this justice? Doe you meane
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smoothe a brow? I cannot now
Thinke he is guilty. *Bel.* Health to you my Lord;

The Princeesse doth commend her love, her life,
And this unto you. *Phi.* Oh *Bellaria.*
Now I perceive she loves me, she does shew it
In loving thee my boy, she has made thee brave.

Bel. My Lord, she has attin'd me past toy with,
Past my desert, more fit for her attendant,
Though farre unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art growne courtly boy. Oh let all women
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper, she does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides, but unto me,
A maiden snow that melted with my lookes,
Tel me my boy how doth the Princeesse use thee?
For I shall guesse her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; Or had proferr'd

P H I L A S T E R .

Her life three times by my fidelity,
As mothers fond do use their onely sonnes ;
As I'de use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harme,
So she does use me. *Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well ;
But what kind language does she feed thee with ?

Bel. Why she does tel me, she wil trust my youth
With all her loving secrets ; and does call me
Her pretty servant ; bids me weep no more
For leaving you : shee'll see my services
Regarded ; and such words of that soft straine,
That I am neerer weeping when she ends
Then ere the spake. *Phi.* This is much better still ;

Bel. Are you not ill my Lord ?

Phi. Il ? No *Bellarso*.

Bel. Me thinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly ;
Nor is there in your lookes that quietnesse,
That I was wont to see. *Phi.* Thou art deceiv'd boy ;

And she strokes thy head ? *Bel.* Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheekes ?

Bel. She does my Lord.

Phi. And she does kisse thee boy ? ha ; *Bel.* How my Lord ?

Phi. She kisses thee ? *Bel.* Not so my Lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does. *Bel.* No, by my life.

Ibi. Why then she does not love me ; come, she does,
I bad her do it ; I charg'd her by all charmes
Of love between us ; by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed : I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her : Tell me gentle boy,
Is she not parallelle ? Is not her breath
Sweet as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe ?
Are not her breasts two liquid *Ivory* balls ?
Is she not all, a Lasting Mine of joy ?

Bel. I, now I see, why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplext. When first I went to her
My heart held augury ; you are abus'd,
Some villaine has abus'd you : I doe see
Where to you tend ; fall rocks upon his head,

That

PHYLASTER

That put this to you; tis some subtle traile,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee; Confront thou shalt
Thou shalt know all my drift, I have been upon another trip
Then I love happinesse, and play with thee there, as though I saw good
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds;
Hast thou discover'd; Is she false to lust?

As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

Bel. My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent; how much
Had she the lust of Sparrowes, or of Goats;
Had she a sinne that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal, to make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh my heart; this is a false worse, then the main disease
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart

To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plaine,
As I do now thy face.

Bel. Why so you doe
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as Ice; but were she foule as hell
And I did know it, thus; the breath of Kings

The points of swords, torures, nor bulls of Brasse
Should draw it from me. *Phi.* Then is no time to dally with thee;
I will take thy life, for I doe hate thee; I could curse thee now, and I

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store,
Greater for me, then is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling;
Tell me when and where thou dost enjoy her.

Or let plagues fall on me, if I deistoy thee not.

Bel. Heaven knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can thinke

I love those peeces yon have cut away,
Better then those that grow; and kisse those limbes

Because you made um so.

Phi. Fearest thou not death?

Can boyes contemne that? *Bel.* Oh, what boy is he,

Can be content to live to be a man

That sees the best of men thus passionate, thus without reason?

Phi.

PHILASTER.

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I doe know my Lords;
Tis lesse then so to be borne; a lasting sleepe,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue; I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game, that must be lost.

Phi. But there are paines, false boy,
For perjur'd soules; thinke but on those, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with; if I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments you speake of; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should I doe?
Why, who can but believe him? He does sweare
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise *Belario*,
Thy protestations are so deepe; and thou
Dost looke so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I know um false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest lookes, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth; A love from me to thee
Is firme, what ere thou dost: It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so wel become thee: But good boy
Let me not see thee more; something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee: if thou tenderst me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I wil flye as farr e
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these teares
Shed at my hopelesse parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewel for evermore;
If you that heere, that sorrow struck me dead,
And after studie me dayall, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory.
And I shal rest at peace.

Exit Bel.

Phi.

PHILASTER.

Phi. Blessing be with thee;
What ever thou deserv'st. Oh, where shall
Goe bath this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind. *Ex. Phi.*

Enter Arebusa.

Are. I marvle my boy comes not back againe;
But that I know my love will question him,
Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remembred him when his deare name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such: I should be angry at his stay.

Enter King.

K. What at your meditations? who attends you?

Are. None but my single selfe, I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor feare none.

K. Tel me: have you not a boy? *Are.* Yes sir.

K. What kind of boy? *Are.* A Page, a waiting boy.

K. A handsome boy? *Are.* I think he be not ugly;
Well-qualified, and dutifull, I know him,
I took him not for beauty. *K.* He speakes, and sings, and playes?

Are. Yes sir. *K.* About eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his age. *K.* Is he full of service?

Are. By your pardon, why doe you aske? *K.* Put him away.

Are. Sir. *K.* Put him away, has done you that good service
Shames me to speak off. *Are.* Good sir let me understand you.

K. If you feare me, shew it in duty; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it sir, and then
Your will is my command.

K. Do not you blush to ask it? *Cast him off,*
Or I shall doe the same to you. You are one
Shame with me, and so near unto my selfe,
That by my life, I dare not tell my selfe,
What you, my self have done. *Are.* What have I done my Lord?

K. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn,
The common people speak it well already,
They need no Grammer; understand me well,
There be foule whispers stirring; cast him off,
And suddainly; doe its Farewell. *Exit King.*

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living;

PHILASTER.

They feed upon opinions, errors, dreames,
And make untruths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a vertue fortified,
Strongly above the battry of their tongues;
Oh, how they cast to sinke it; and defeated
(Soule sick with poyson) strike the Monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping: till they sweat,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter *Philaster*.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest Mistresse.

Are. Oh my dearest servant, I have a warre within me.

Phi. He must be more then man, that makes these Christalls
Run into rivers; sweetest faire, the cause;
And as I am your slave, tied to your goodnesse,
Your creature made again from what I was,
And newly spirited; He right your honour.

Are. Oh, my best love; that boy!

Phi. What boy?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me.

Phi. What of him?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him,

Phi. Jealous, who?

Are. The King.

Phi. Oh my fortune,

Then tis no idle jealousy. Let him goe.

Are. Oh cruell, are you hard hearted too?

Who shall now tell you, how much I loved you;

Who shall swear it to you, and weep the teares I send?

Who shall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets,

Lose his health in service? Wake tedious nights

In stories of your praise? Who shall sing

Your crying Elegies? And strike a sad soule

Into senselesse pictures, and make them weep?

Who shall take up his Lute, and touch it, till

He crowne a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,

Making me dream and cry, Oh my deare, deare *Philast.*

Phi. Oh my heart?

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know

This Lady was not loyall. Mistresse, forget

The boy, I'll get thee a farre better,

Are. Oh never, never scull a boy againe, as my *Bellario.*

Bell. Tis but your fond affection.

Are.

PHILASTER.

Are. With thee my boy, farewell for ever,
All secrecy in servants: farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for it selfe:
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell, and betray chaste love.

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the losse of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetfull woman. *Are.* How, my Lord?

Phi. False *Aretusa*!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost um? If not, leave to talke, and do thus.

Are. Doe what fir? would you sleep?

Phi. For ever *Aretusa*, Oh you gods,
Give me a worthy patience: Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seene mischiefs numberlesse, and mighty?
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as sterne as death into my bosome,
And laught upon it, made it but a mirth,
And slung it by? Doe I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Doe I
Beare all this bravely? and must sinke at length
Under a womans falshood? Oh that boy,
That cursed boy? None but a villain boy, to ease your lust?

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd,
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow; Oh I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poore Kingdome; give it to your Joy,
For I have no joy in it. Some farre place,
Where never woman kind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poysons, must I seeke,
And live to curse you;
There dig a Cave, and preach to birds and beasts,
What womap is, and help to save them from you.
How heaven is In your eyes, but in your hearts,
More hell then hell has; how your tongues like Scorpions,
Both heal and poyson; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle webbe,

P H I L A S T E R.

And worse so by you. How that foolish man,
That reads the story of a womans face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever.
How all the good you have, is but a shadow,
Ich morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten. How your vowes are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone.
How you are, being taken all together,
A meere confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts
Till my last houre, I am bound to utter of you ;
So farewell all my wor, all my delight. *Exit Phi.*

Are Be mercifull ye gods, and strike me dead;
What way have I deserv'd this ? Make my brest
Transparent as pure Christall, that the world
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To finde out constancy ? Save me, how black, *Enter Bel.*
And guilty (me thinkes) that boy looks now ?
Oh thou dissembler, that before thou spak'st
Wert in thy cradle false ! sent to make lies,
And betray innocents; thy Lord and thou,
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Foold by her passion; but the conquest is,
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would doe without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Least men should dig and finde thee. *Bel.* Oh what god
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds ? Madam this grieve
You adde unto me is no more then drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My Lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joyes,
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
To take my last leave Farewell for ever;
I durst not runne away in honesty,
From such a Lady, like a boy that stole,

PHILASTER.

Or made some grievous fault; the power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings; hasty time
Reveale the truth to your abused Lord,
And mine: That he may know your worth: whilst I
Goe seeke out some forgotten place to die. *Exit Bell.*

Are. Peace guide thee; thast overthrowne me once,
Yet if I had another *Troy* to lose,
Thou or another villaine with thy lookes,
Might talke me out of it, and send me naked,
My haire dishevel'd through the fiery streets?

Enter a Lady.

Ld. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestnesse. *Are.* I am in tune to hunt:
Diana if thou canst rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turne me to a fearefull Hinde,
That I may die pursued by cruell hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scena I.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Gallatea, Megra, Dion,
Cleremont, Trasilin, and attendants.*

K. What are the hounds before, and all the woodmen?
Our horses ready, and our bowes bent. *Di.* All sir.

K. Y'are cloudy sir, come we have forgotten
Your venisall trespassse, let not that sir heavy
Upon your spirit; none dare utter it.

Di. He lookes like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull
as a Dormouse; see how he sinkes; the wench has shot him be-
tween wind and water, and I hope sprung a leake.

Tra. He needs no teaching; he strikes sure enough; his greatest
fault is, he hunts too much in the pursues, would he would leave
off poaching.

Di. And for his home, has left it at the lodge where he lay late;
Oh, hee's a pretious lime-hound; turne him loose upon the pur-
suite of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th slip: When my
Fox-bitch Beauty growes proud, I'll borrow him.

K. Is your boy turn'd away?

Are.

P H I L A S T E R

Are. You did command sir, and I obeyed you.

K. Tis wel done: Harke ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Me thinks that were not noble in him: and yet he lookes like a mortified member, as if he had a sick mans salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physicaall Justice or other, would presently (without the helpe of an Almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him bloud vvith a dog-whip.

Di. See, see, how modestly yon Lady lookes, as if she came from Churching vvith her neighbour; why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that shee's honest?

Pba. Troth no great matter to speak of, a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoiles her coar; but he must be a cunning Herald that findes it.

Di. See how they muster one another! O theres a rank regiment, where the Devill carries the Colours, and his Dam Drumm-major. Now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure this Lady has a good turne done her against her will: before she was common talke, now none dare say, Cantharides can stirre her, Her face lookes like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady meanes to let her selfe loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discretely, for her healths sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog. dayes: oh if they were to be got for money, what a great summe would come out of the City for these licences?

K. To horse, to horse, we lose the morning Gentlemen. *Ex.*

Enter two Woodmen.

1 Wood. What have you lodged the Deere?

2 Wood. Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 Wood. Who shoots?

2 Wood. The Princeesse.

1 Wood. No, shee'l hunt,

2 Wood. Shee'l take a stand I say:

1 Wood. Who else?

2 Wood. Why the young stranger Prince:

1 Wood. He shal shoot in a stone bow for mee. I never lov'd his beyond sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings: he was there at the fall of a Deere, and would needs (out of his mightinesse) give ten groats for the Dowcers; marry the steward would have had the velvet head into the bargain, to tuss his hat withall:

PHILASTER.

withall : I thinke he should love venery, he is an old fir *Trisfram*, for if you be remembred, he forsook the Stagge once, to strike a rascall milking in a meadow, & hee kild in the eye. Who shoots else? *2 Wood.* The Lady *Gallatra*.

1 Wood. That's a good wench, and she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. Shee's liberall, and by my Bow they say shee's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to doe. There's all? *2 Wood.* No, one more *Megra*.

1 Wood. That's a firker I faith boy: There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get um clapt, and all is well againe. I have knowne her lose her selfe three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable) and it has been worke enough for one man to finde her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she payes well. Hark, let's goe. *Exeunt.* Enter *Philaster*.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods,
With milke of Goats, and Akrons, and not known
The right of Crownes, nor the dissembling traines
Of womens looks; but dig'd my selfe a Cave,
Where I, my fire, my Cattel, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain gire,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwels; that might have strewed my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skinnnes of beasts
Our neighbours; And have borne at her big breasts
My large course issue. This had been a life free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Oh wicked men!

An innocent may walke safe among beasts,
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord,
Sits as his soul were searching out a way,
To leave his body. Pardon me that must
Break thy last commandement; For I must speak;
You that are griev'd can pittie; heare my Lord,

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pittie? *Bell.* Oh my noble Lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merite nothing) so much as may serve

To

P H I L A S T E R.

To keepe that little piece I hold of life,
From cold and hunger. *Phi.* Is it thou? be gone:
Goe sell those misbecoming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thy selfe with them.

Eel. Alas, my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly Countrey people thinke tis treason
To touch such gay things. *Phi.* Now by my life this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight;
Th'art false again to thy dissembling trade:
How should'st thou thinke to cozen me againe?
Remaines there yet a plague untride for me.
Even so thou wepst and spok'st when first
I took thee up; curse on the time, If thy
Commanding tears can worke on any other,
Use thy art, Ile not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee;
For thine eyes are poyson to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve, but I will chuse to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

Exit Phi. Bel. severally.

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Di. This is the strangest sudden chance! You Woodman.

1 Wood. My Lord *Dion.*

Di. Saw you a Lady come this way, on a fable horse studded
with starres of white? *2 Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Di. Yes; Rode she to the wood, or to the plaine?

2 Wood. Faith my Lord we saw none.

Exit Woodmen.

Enter Clerement.

Di. Pox of your questions then. What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be I thinke.

Di. Let him seeke his daughter himselfe; she cannot stray about
a little necessary naturall businesse, but the whole Court must be in
Armes; when she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherlesse tales amongst us; some
say her horse ran away with her: some, a Wolfe pursued her:
others, it was a plot to kill her; and that armed men were seene
in the Wood; but questionlesse, she rode away willingly.

Enter King and Trasiline.

K. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

K. How

PHILASTER.

K. How is that? answer me so again. *Cl.* Sir, I shall fly.

K. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that; or name of Y.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not; *Di.* Sir, I do not know.

K. Speak that again so boldly, and by heaven
It is thy last. You fellows, answer me,
Where is she? Marke me all, I am your King.
I wish to see my daughter, shew her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me; what am I not your King?
If I, then am I not to be obeyed?

Di. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

K. Things possible and honest; Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things
Possible and honest; shew her me;
Or let me perish, if I cover not all *Cleily* with boud.

Di. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.

K. You have betray'd me, y^e have let me lose
The Jewell of my life; go, bring her me,
And let her here before me; tis the King
Will have it so, whose breath can still the Winds,
Uncloud the Sunne, charme down the swelling Sea,
And stop the fouds of heaven; speak, can it not? *Di.* No.

K. No? Cannot the breath of Kings doe this?

Di. No, nor smell sweet it selfe, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted. *K.* Is it so? Take heed.

Di. Sir, take you heed; how you dare the powers
That must be just. *K.* Alas, what are we Kings?
Why do you gods place us above the rest;
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leafe shakes at our threatnings.
I have sing'd tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd, let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.

Di. He arricles with the gods; would some body would draw
bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter *Pba. Gallata, and Megra.*

K. What is the sound? *Pba.* No, we have tane her horse.

He gallops directly by a there's some reason for it well. A
You Gallate a roge wish her into the woods; why left you her?

Gal. She did command me. K. Commands you should not.

Gal. I would ill become my fortunes, and my birth, to
To disobey the daughters of my King.

K. You are all cunning! to obey us for our hurt; You shall not
But I will have her. Pha. If I have her not, I will have you.

By this hand there shall be no more Clotting, with you or otherwise.

Di. What will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King, a Cook, and a Taylor.

Di. Yet you may do well to spare your Lady bed-fellow, and
her you may keep for a Spanner.

K. I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.

Di. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

K. Run all, disperse your selves the man that finds her, or
Or (if she be kill'd) the traytor; I'll make him great.

Di. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pha. Come let us seek.

K. Each man a several way, here I my self.

Di. Come Gentlemen, we have.

Cl. Lady you shall get search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd my self.

Enter Arden.

Ar. Where am I now? Post, find me out a way,
Without the counsell of my troubled head,

I'll follow you boldly about these woods,

O're mountaines, thow brambles, pines, and flowers,

Heaven I hope will ease me, I am sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my Lady; Heaven knows I want nothing,

Because I do not wish to live; yet I will try her charity.

O heavens, you that have plenty,

From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground; see,

The lively red is gone to guard her heart;

I fear she faints; Madam look up, the breaths not;

Open once more those rose windows, and send

Unto my Lord, your latest farewell! Oh, the air!

How is it Madam? Speak comfort.

Ar. 'Tis her gentle done.

PHILASTER.

To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there; I pray thee let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage;
I'll tell her coolly, when and where, I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh monstrous! Tempt me not you gods; good gods
Tempt not a fraile man; what's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here? *Bel.* My Lord, help, the Princess!

Are. I am well, forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kiss by Scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of Basilisks, rather than trust to tongues
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damned act. Hear me you wicked ones.
You have put hills of fire into this breast;
Not to be quenched with tears; for which my guilt
Sit on your bosoms; at your meals; and beds;
Despaise await you; what, before my face?
Poyson of Aspes between your lips; Diseases
Be your best issues; Nature makes a curse
And throw it on you. *Are.* Deare *Philaster*, leave

To be engag'd, and here me. *Phi.* I have done;
Forgive my passion, not the calmed sea,
When *Eolus* looks up his windy brood,
Is lesse disturb'd then I, I'll make you know it.
Deare *Arctusa*, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy, may live and raigne
In lust without controule; Wilt thou *Belarion*?
I prethee kill me; thou art poor, and must
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead
This way were freer; Alas I raigne now?
If I were mad I should desire to live;
Sirs, feel my pulse; whether have you known
A man in a shere equall tunc to die?

Bel. Alas my Lord, your pulse keeps in mans time,
So does your tongue. *Phi.* You will not kill me then?

PHILASTER.

Are. Kill you? *Bel.* Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee, *Bel.* Thou hast done but that which gods
Bel. Would have transformed themselves to do; be gone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;
Be wife or worse will follow: we are sworn
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good, to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies in the other world, no ill-rep?

Are. Shew me then the way, *Phi.* Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have power to do it;
For I must performe a piece of justice. If your youth
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
Short and effectually reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared. *Enter a Country fellow.*
Coun. I'll fetch the King, if he be in the forest, I have hunted him
these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters
would laugh at me; I can see nothing but people better horst then
my self, that out rid me; I can hear nothing but shewing. These
Kings had need of good braines, this whooping is able to put a
mean man out of his wits. There's a Courtier with his sword
drawn, by this hand upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace? *Are.* With heaven and earth.
Phi. May they divide thy soul and body?

Coun. Hold daffard, strike a woman that art a craven. I warrant
thee, thou wouldest be loth to play halfe a dozen of venies at wa-
sters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us good friend.
Are. What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thy self
Upon our private sports, our recreations.

Coun. God uds, I understand you nor, but I know the rogue
has hurt you. *Phi.* Pursue thy own affairs, it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head; which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetorick, but I can say it on if you
touch the woman. *They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.
Are. Heavens guard my Lord. *Coun.* Oh doe you breath?
Phi.

PHILASTER.

Phi. I heare the tread of peoples I am hurt.
The gods take part against me, could this Boore
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I doe loath it. I would finde a counse,
To lose it, rather by my will then force.

Exit Philaster.

Conn. I cannot follow the rogue: I pray the wench come and
kisse me now.

Enter Phara, Dia, Cle, Traß, and Woodman.

Phi. What art thou?

Conn. Almost kild I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her

Phi. The Princess Gentleman! Where's the wound Madam?
Is it dangerous? *Are.* He has not hurt me.

Conn. I faith shes lies, has hurt her in the breast, looke else.

Phi. O sacred spring of innocent blood.

Di. Tis above wonder! who should dare this? *Are.* I felt it not.

Phi. Speake villaine who has hurt the Princess?

Conn. Is it the Princess? *Di.* I.

Conn. Then I have seen something yet.

Phi. But who has hurt her?

Conn. I told you a rogue I ne'r saw him before, I.

Phi. Madam who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch, alas I know him not.
And do forgive him.

Conn. Hee's hurt to, he cannot goe farre, I made my fathers old
fox stile about his eares, *Phi.* How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all, tis some distracted fellow.

Phi. By this hand, I'll leave neer a piece of him bigger then a
nut, and bring him all in my har.

Are. Nay, good Sir,
If you do take him bring him quick to me,

And I will study for a punishment,

Great as his fault. *Phi.* I will. *Are.* But sweare.

Phi. By all my love I will: Woodmen conduct the Princess to
the King, and beare that wounded fellow to dressing; Come Gen-
tlemen, wee'll follow the chafe close.

Exit Are, Phi, Di, Cle, Traß, & Woodman.

Conn. I pray yon friend let me see the King:

Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

Exeunt.

Conn. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. A heaviness neare death sits on my brow,

And

P H I L A S T E R

And I must sleep : Beere methou gentle bank,
For ever if thou wilt, you sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy presse you : I could wish
I rather were a Coarse strewed ore with you,
Then quick above you. Dulnesse shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy; Oh that I could taste
So sound a sleepe, that I might never wake. *Enter Philaster.*

Phi. I have done ill, my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her, that would not strike at me :
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villaine : If she be
She will conceale who hurt her : He has wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knowes he me.
Who's this? *Belario* sleeping? If thou beest
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleepe
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
So broken : Hark I am pursu'd, your gods
I'll take this offer'd meanes of my escape :
They have no marke to know me, but my wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy; I ha none I thinke
Are mortall, nor would I lay greater on thee. *wounds in.*

Bel. Oh death I hope is come, blest be that hand,
It meant me well; again, for pities sake.

Phi. I have caught my selfe, *Phi. fals.*
The losse of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here
Is he that stroke thee : take thy full revenge,
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse then death :
I'll teach thee to revenge this lucklesse hand
Wounded the Princesse, tell my followers,
Thou didst receive these hurt; in staying me,
And I will second thee : Get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly my Lord, and save your selfe. *Phi.* How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe? *Fell.* Else were it vaine
For me to live. These little wounds I have,
Ha not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
Ile helpe to cover you. *Phi.* Art thou true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loath'd. Come my good Lord,

Creep

PHILASTER

Creep in among these bushes; who does know
But that the gods may save your (much lov'd) breath.

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this;
That I have wounded thee: what wilt thou do?

Bell. Shift for my self well; peace, I heere will come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow; that way they went.

Bell. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knowes;
That I can stand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleimant, Thrasine.

Phi. To this place we have track him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.

Di. Stay sir, what are you?

Bell. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish. *Di.* This is he my Lord;
Upon my soul that hurt her; tis the boy,
That wicked boy that serv'd her. *Phi.* O thou dante'st in thy cre-
What cause could'st thou shap'so hurt the Princess?

Bell. Then I am betrayed. *Di.* Betrayed; no, apprehended.

Bell. I confesse;
Urge it no more, that big with evil thoughts
I set upon her, and did take my aim
Her death; For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and did not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Phi. I will know who hir'd thee to this deed.

Bell. Mine own revenge. *Phi.* Revenge, for what?

Bell. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her Page, and when my fortunes ebb'd
That men strid or'e them carelessly, she did shew
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflow'd their banks;
Threatning the men that crost my when as wife
As stormes arise at Sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning Sunnes upon me, and did dry
The streames she had bestow'd, leaving me worse
And more contempt than other little brookes;
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire

P H I L A S T E R.

To die reveng'd. *Phi.* If tortures can be found,
Long as thy naturall life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour. *Philaster creeps out of a bush.*

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Phi. Turne back you ravishers of Innocence,
Know ye the price of that you bear away so rudely?

Phi. Who's that?

Di. Tis the Lord *Philaster*.

Phi. Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,
The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rocks of pearle,
That paye the Court of *Neptunus*, can weigh down
That vertue. It was I that hurt the Princeesse.

Place me, some god, upon a *Piramis*,
Higher then hills of earth, and lend a voice

Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence,
I may discourse to all the under-world,

The worth that dwels in him. *Phi.* How's this?

Bell. My Lord, some man
Wearie of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies *Bellaris*.

Bell. Alas he is mad, come will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oathes that men ought most to keepe
And Gods do punish most, when men do break,

He toucht her not. Take heed *Bellaris*,

How thou dost drowne the vertues thou hast showne

With perjury. By all that's good twas I

You know the flood betwixt me and my right.

Phi. Thy owntongue be thy Judge. *Cle.* It was *Philaster*.

Di. Is't not a braveboy?

Well Sirs, I feare me we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here? *Di.* Yes.

Phi. Then shew it;

Some good body lend a hand to draw us neerer.

Would you have teares shed for you when you die?

The lay me gently on his neck that there

I may weepe floods, and breath out my spirits

Tis not the wealth of *Plinius*, nor the gold

Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away

This armefull from me, this had been a ranfome

To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Casar*,

Had he been taken, you hard hearted men,

P. HILASTER.

More stony then these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure bloud drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose better wounds,
Queens ought to teare their hair, and with their tears
Bath um. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth of poor *Philaster*?

Enter *King, Arctusa, and a guard.* *K.* Is the villaine tane?

Ph. Sir, here be two, confesse the deed; but say it was *Philaster*.

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

K. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us.

Ar. Ay me, I know he will. *K.* Did not you know him?

Ar. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so, Oh my stars! that I should live still.

K. Thou ambitious fool;

Thou that hast laid a traine for thy own life;

Now I do mean to doe, I'll leave to talk, beat him to prison.

Ar. Sir, they did plot together to take hence

This harmlesse life; should it passe unreveng'd,

I should to earth goe weeping; grant me then,

(By all the love a father bears his child)

Their custodies, and that I may appoint

Their tortures and their deaths.

Di. Death? soft, our law will not reach that, for this fault.

K. 'Tis granted; take um, to you, with a guard.

Come princely *Pharamond*, this businesse past,

We may with more security goe on to your intended match. (ple.

Cle. I pray that this action lose not *Phil.* the hearts of the peo-

Di. Fear it not, their overwise heads will thinke it but a trick.

Finis Actus qu. rti.

Exeunt ambo.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter *Dion, Cleremond, and Traphime.*

Tra. Has the King sent for him to death?

Di. Yes, but the King must know, tis not in his power to war
with heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the King sent for *Philaster* and the head-
man an hour agoe. *Tra.* As all his wounds well?

Di. All they were but scratches, but the losse of bloud made him
faint. *Cle.* We dally Gentlemen. *Tra.* A way.

Di. Wee'll scuffle hard before he perish.

Exeunt.

H

Enter

PHILASTER.

Enter *Philaster, Arribusa, Bellario*.

Are. Nay dear *Philaster* grieve not, we are well.

Bell. Nay good my Lord forbear, we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh *Arribusa*! O *Bellario*! leave to be kind:

I shall be shot from heaven, as now from earth;

If you continue so; I am a man,

Fall to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore, can it bear us all?

Forgive and leave me; but the King hath sent

To call me to my death, oh shew it me,

And then forget me: And for thee my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollify

The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bell. Alas my Lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts: 'tis not a life,

'Tis but a piece of child-hood thrown away:

Should I out-live you, I should then out-live

Vertue and honours: And when that day comes,

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury,

And waste my limbs to nothing.

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,

Forc'd with my hands to bring my Lord to death)

Do by the honour of a Virgin swear,

To tell no hours beyond it. *Phi.* Make me not hated, so.

Are. Come from this prison, all joyfull to our deaths.

Phi. People will teare me when they finde you true

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.

Injoy your Kingdomes peaceably, whil'st I

For ever sleep forgotten with my faults.

Every just servant, every maid in love,

Will have a piece of me if you be true.

Are. My dear Lord say not so. *Bell.* A piece of you?

He was not borne of women that can cut it and look on it.

Phi. Take me in teares betwixt you,

For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why tis well. *Bell.* Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done

If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found

My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love Sir,

Deal

P H I L A S T E R.

Deal with me truly.

Bel. I was mistaken, fir. *Phi.* Why if it were.

Bel. Then fir we would have ask'd you pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it? *Are.* Enjoy it? I.

Phi. Would you indeed? be plain. *Bel.* We would my Lord.

Phi. Forgive me then. *Are.* So, so.

Bel. Tis as it should be now. *Phi.* Lead to my death. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Dion, Cleverland, Trasilus.

K. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

Cle. So please you fir, hee's gone to see the City,
And the new platforme with some Gentlemen

Attending on him. *K.* Is the Princess ready

To bring her prisoner out? *Tr.* She waits your Grace.

K. Tell her we stay.

Dr. King, you may be deceiv'd yet.

The head you aime at cost more setting on

Then to be lost so slightly: If it must off

Like a wild overflow, that loops before him

A golden Stack, and with it shakes down Bridges,

Cracks the strong hearts of *Pines*, whose cable roots

Held out a thousand stormes, a thousand thunders,

And so made mightier, takes whole villages

Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,

Charges strong Towns, Towers, Castles, Pallaces,

And layes them desolate: so shall thy head,

Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands

That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,

In thy red ruines.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario in a robe and Garland.

K. How now, what Mask is this?

Bel. Right royall fir, I should

Sing you an Epithalamium of these lovers,

But having lost my best ayres with my fortunes,

And wanting a celestiaall harp to strike

This blessed union on; thus in glad story

I give you all. These two fair Cedar branches,

The noblest of the Mountain, where they grew

Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades

The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept

Free from the *Sirian* Star, and the fell thunder-stroke

PHILASTER.

Free from the Clouds; when they were big with humors;
And delivered in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:
O there was none but silent quiet there;
Till never pleas'd Fortune, shot up shubbs.
Bare under brambles to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did raigne
Over the Mountaine, and choakt up his beauty,
With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, till the Sun
Scorcht them even to the roots; and dried them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown againe,
That made these branches meet, and twigg together,
Never to be divided: The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children mighty King, and I have done. K. How, how?

Ans. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
For there is no masking in't; This Gentleman
The Prisoner that you gave me is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throwes
Your jealousies, and his ill fates have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he strangled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear husband.

K. Your dear husband? call in
The Captain of the Custell; There you shall keep
Your wedding. I'll provide a Masque shall make
Your Hymen turn his saffron into a fullen coat
And sing sad Requiems to your departing souls:
Bloud shall put out your Torches, and instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An Ax shall hang like a prodigious Meteor
Ready to crop your loves sweets. Heare you gods:
From this time do I shake all ritle off,
Of Father to this woman, this base woman,
And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion
Cast among dogs, or rob'd of his deare young,
The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me.

Ans. Sir,
By that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stinne me from my selfe.
What I have done, I have done without repentance;

PHILASTER

For death can be no Bug-bear unto me,
So long as *Phar* *Amund* is not my headsmen.
DA Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid
When ere thou dyest; for this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy Prologue. *Pha. Sh. let me speak near;*
And let my dying words be sweet with you
Then my still living action; if you shall
At the deare life of this sweet Innocent;
Y'are a Tyrant, and a savage Monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you
As you are living, all your better deeds
Shall be in water, but this in Marbles
No Chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men: No Monument
(Though high and big as *Pelaw*) shall be able
To cover this base murder, make it rich
With Brasse, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper,
Like the Pyramids, lay on Epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only cloaths my ashes, not my faults)
Shall fetter out shame it. And for after issues
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more, for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like your selfe, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father King; there was a fault;
But I forgive it: let that sinne perswade you
To love this Lady. If you have a soule,
Thinke, save her, and be saved; for my selfe,
I have so long expected this glad houre.
So languish under you, and daily withered,
That heaven knows it is my joy to dye,
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Wheres the King? *K.* Here.

Mess. Get you to your strength,

And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,

Hec's taken prisoner by the Citizens.

Fearing the Lord *Philaster*.

Mutiny, my fine dear Countreyemen, muteny,

Now

P H I L A S T E R

Now my brave valiant foremen, shew ybur weapons,
In honour of your Mistresses. *Enter another Messenger.*

Mess. Arme, arme, arme. *K.* A thousand Devils take um.

Di. A thousand blessings on um.

Mess. Arme O King, the City is in muteny,
Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord *Philaster*. *Exit with Att. Phi. Bell.*

K. Away to the Cittadell, I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these Burgers like the gards
And all the Gentlemen give strong attendance. *Exit. King.*

Mancut Dion, Cleopomus, Traphim.

Cle. The City up, this was above our wishes.

Di. I and the marriage too, by my life,
This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all, a plague upon my self; a thou-
sand plagues, for having such unworthy thoughts of her dear ho-
nour: O I could beat my selfe, or do you beat me and I'll beat you
for we had all one thought. *Cle.* No, no, twill but lose time.

Di. You say true, are your swords sharpe? Well my dear Coun-
treymen, what ye lack, if you continue and fall not back upon the
first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cure
and chronicled, and all to be prais'd, and sung in sonnets, and burth'd
in new brave Ballads, that all tongues shall trouble you in *Sacula*
Saculorum my kind Can-carriers.

Tra. What if a toy take um ith' heels now, and they run all a-
way, and cry the Devill take the hindmost.

Di. Then the same devill take the foremost too, and sowce him for
his breakfast; if they all prove Cowards, my curses fly among them
and bespeeding; May they have Murriens to keep the gentle-
men at home unbound in easie freez; May the Moths branch their
Velvets, and their Silkes only be worne before fore eyes. May their
false lights undoe um, and discover presses, holes, stains, and old-
nesse in their Stuffles, and make them shoprid; May they keep
Whores and horses, and break; and live mued up with pecks of
Beefe and Turnups: May they have many children, and none like
the Father: May they know no language but that gibberish they
prattle to their Parcells, unlesse it be the goarish Latine they write
in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts.

Enter the King.

K. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them; how they
swarm together! what a hum they raise! Devils choak your wilde
throats

PHILASTER.

throats: If a man had need to use their valour, he must pay a Bro-
kage for it, and then bring him on, they will fight like sheep. *The*
Philaster, none but *Philaster* must assay this heat: They will not
hear me speak, but sling dirt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh for
dear friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster*: speak him faire, call
him Prince, doe him all the courtesie you can, commend me to him.
Oh my wits, my wits! *Exit Cleremond.*

Di. Oh my heave! *Quartermen* is I live, I will not buy a pin
out of your Walls for this. Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank
you, and send you Brawn and Bacon, and send you every long va-
cation a brace of foremen, that at *Michaelmas* shall come up fat
and kicking.

K. What they will doe with this poor Prince, the gods know
and I feare.

Di. Why Sir, they'll flea him, and make Church Buckets on's
skin to quench rebellion, then clap a rivet in's stoncke, and hang
him up for a signe. *Enter Cleremond with Philaster.*

K. O worthy sir forgive me, do not make my ob worth
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be your selfe,
Still sound amongst diseases, I have wrong'd you,
And though I finde it last, and beaten to it,

Let first your goodnesse know it. Calme the people,
And be what you were born to take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,
And all my prayers, by the gods my heart speaks this
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be strook with chunder.

Phi. Mighty Sir,
I will not do your greatnesse so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth; free the Princesse,
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea breach, which I'e either turne
Or perish with it. *K.* Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royall words be Kingly,
And be not moyed Sir, I shall bring your peace,
Or never bring my selfe back.

K. All the gods go with thee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond.
Cap. Come my brave *Mirmidons*, lets fall on, let our rap-
Swarmee

PHILASTER

Swear my boyes, and you noble tongues forget your mother
 Gib-riah, of what do you lack, and let your mouths
 Up Children, fill your Pallaces full frighted halles
 Fathorne, past the cure of Bay-salt and gentle Pepper,
 And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*,
 Let *Philaster* be deeper in sequest, Myding along.
 My paices of dear Indentures, King of Clubs,
 Then your cold water Chamblers, or your paintings
 Spiced with Coppet, let ace your hasty Silkes,
 Or your branch'd Clash of Bodkin, or your Tiltures,
 Dearly beloy'd of Spiced Cake and Custard.
 Your Robin-hoods scarlett and Johns, tie your affections
 In darknesse to your shops, no dainty Duckers
 Up with your three pil'd spirits, your wrought valours.
 And let your uncor Collet make the King feeble
 The measure of your mightinesse *Philaster*.
 Cry my Rose-nobles, cry. *Al. Philaster, Philaster.*

Cap. How do you like this my Lord Prince, these are mad boys,
 I tell you, these are things that will not strike their top-fayles

To a Foist. And let a man of war, An argosie butt and cry Cockles,

Pha. Why you rude slave, doe you know what you doe?

Cap. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know
 And give your greatnesse warning, that you talke
 No more such Buga-words, or that soldred Crowne
 Shall be scratch'd with a Muskets Dear Prince Phippen,
 Downe with your noble blood, or as I live,
 I'll have you codled let him lose my spirits,
 Make us a round Ring with your Bills my Histors,
 And let us see what this grim man dares do,
 Now fir, have at you; here I k,
 And with this swashing blow, do you sweat prince;
 I could hulke your grace, and hang you up crosse-leg'd,
 Like a Hare at a Poukers, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not become murthered wicked Villaines?

i Cs. Yes indeed wil we fir, we have not seen one soe a great while

Cap. He would have weapons would he? give him a broad side
 my brave boyes with your pikes, branch me his skin in Flowers
 like a Satin, and between every Flower a mortall cut, your Roy-
 alty shall ravell, jag him Gentlemen, I'll have him cut to the kell,
 then downe the foames, oh for a whip

PHILASTER.

To make him galloone Faces, I'll have a Coach-whip.

Cap. Hold, hold; the truth begin to fray and know himself.

He shall for this time only be seal'd up

With a Feather through his nose, that he may only see

Heaven and think whither hee's going.

Nay my beyond-Sea fir; we will proclaim you, you would be King.

Thou tender Heire apparent to a Church-aby

Thou sleight Prince of single scarcenets

Thou royall Ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing

But poor mens Poultry, and have every Boy

Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Phi. Gods keep me from those Hell-hounds.

1 Cit. Shall's geld him Captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowrets my dear Donfells

As you respect the Ladies let them flourish

The cutles of a longing woman kills as speedy as a plague, Boys.

1 Cit. I'll have a leg, that's certain.

3 Cit. I'll have his nose, & armine own charge build a Colledge,

and clap't upon the gate.

4 Cit. He have his little gut to string a Kit with,

For certainly a royall Gut will sound like silver.

Phi. Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain once.

5 Cit. God Captain let me have his Liver to feed Ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.

Phi. Good gods consider me, I shall be tortur'd.

1 Cit. Captain I'll give you the trimming of your hand sword,

and let me have his skin to make false Scabbards.

2 Cit. He had no homes fir had he?

Cap. No fir, hee's a pollard, what would'st thou do with horns?

3 Cit. O if he had, I would have made rare Hasts and Whistles

of um, but his skin bones if they be found shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster*.

Phi. I thank you Gentlemen, but why are these

Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands

Uncivill trades? *Cap.* My royall Rosiclear,

VVe are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rogers,

And when thy noble body is in durance,

Thus do we clap our musty Murrians on,

P N I B A S T E R.

And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace
Thou ~~dear~~ mean? Is the King forcible,
And bid the first? Are there above thy foment,
And free as Phœbus? Speake; if not, this Scand.
Of royall blood, shall be a butcher, milke, and run
Even to the lees of honour.
P. No Honor can be soeild. I have my selfe
Free as my thoughts are. In his rage I am

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hesperus?
Doe the Lords bow, and the Regent kneele
Kisse their gumballs, and the Courtiers
Is the Court Navegator, and didst performe such
With Flages of friendship? if now we maye saye
And this mandrake

Phi. I am what I did desire to be, your friend, I am what I hope to be, your Prince.

You have a noble soul, forget my name,
 And know my misery, for me safe aboard
 From these wild waves, and this blinding
 I'll quit this Land for ever, there is nothing
 Personally performing, I coldly touch, I knuffe
 Of all sorts, of all dangers, and rhegories
 The worst company of the worst men, made selfe, againe
 To be as many Creatures that doe men
 And doe as all they doe, my to the spaine
 But I would rather make it new, than new
 And live with all those then God are one home
 Amongst these wild waves

211 **What** dost thou say? Friends discharge your duty,
Deliver me the Prince, I'll waite on you, and undertake you to
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 Cir. Good Arr take heed he does not hurt you. All I long for is
Hee's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

Capt. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a duelling, and make you like a hawk.

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him: M. y. b. o. c. v. v.
A! as he had rather sleep to shake his fit off: I seldom yet saw you do so.
Looke you friends, how gently he leads, upon my word
 w. o. b. m. d. T.
Hee's.

PHILASTER.

Hee's tame enough, he need no further watching
Good my friends go to your houses and by me have your pardons,
and my love,

And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks were to thank you,
Continue still your love, and for an earnest
Drink this. *Al. Long may the live of our prince prosper.*

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Capt. Thou art the King of Castile
Fall off again my sweet youths, come and every man
Trace to his house again, and hang his power up, then to
The Tavern and bring your wives in masses, we will have
Musick, and the red grape shall make us dance, and rise Boys. *Ex.*

Enter King, Arethusa, Gallatea, Megra, Cleomond, Dian, Tristano, Belardo, and attendants.

Ro. Is he appear'd? De. He is, it is quondam this dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep, my Lord *Philaster*,
Brings on the prince himself. *R. Kind Gentlemen*
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him, I have hear'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come. *R. My Counsel*
Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine; now thou art in mine arms,
Me thinks I have a salve unto my breast
For all the stings that dwell there; sweames of grief
That I have wrought thee; and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes
Let them appease thee, take thy right; take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten: For you Prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your Realme
With fair provision, I do see a Lady

PHILASTER.

Me thinks would gladly bear you company.
How like you this piece? *Meg.* So he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His princely liking; we were tane a bed,
I know your meaning, I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow for that
Can shame remain perpetually in this,
And not in others? or have *Princess* selves
To cure ill names that meaner people want. *Phi.* What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship
To bear the *Princess* and the boy together. *Di.* How now!
Meg. Other took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be tane sometimes
Ship us all four my Lord, we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

K. Clear thou thy selfe, or know not me for father
Are. This earth, How false it is, what means is left for one
To clear my selfe? It lies in your belief;
My Lorth believe me, and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.
Bel. O stop your eares great King, that I may speak
As freedom would, then I will call this Lady
As base as be her actions, hear me fir,
Believe your hated blood, when it rebels
Against your reason sooner than this Lady.

Meg. By this good light he bears it handsomely
Phi. This Lady I will sooner trust the wind
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with pearle,
Then her with any thing; believe her noot
Why think you, if I did believe her words;
I would outlive unt honour cannot take
Revenge on you, then what were to be known
But death? *K.* Forget her fir, since all is knit
Between us; but I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denyed.

Phi. Command what etc it be.
K. Swear to be true to what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted. *K.* Bear away that boy

To torture, I will have his death or buried

Ph. O let me call my words back, worthy sir, would I had

Ask something else, bury my life and rig

In one poor grave, but do not thus say my life and fame at once.

K. Away with him, is hands irremovable

Ph. Turn all your eyes on me, here stands a man

That will fight and the best of this world's

Set swords against this base of our honest man,

For I have liv'd till I am pitted

My former deeds were hateful, but this last

Is pitiful, for I unwillingly

Have given the dear price of my life

Unto his torture: in this the power

Of flesh and blood, to carry this and live

Are. Dear sir be patient yet for stay that hand. *K.* Sir, strip that boy

Di. Come sit, your tender flesh will trie your constancy.

Bel. O kill me Gentlemen. *Di.* No, help first.

Bel. Will you torture me? *K.* Hark, there, why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow

You know just Gods though I discover all.

K. Hows that? will he confesse? *Di.* Sir, so he sayes

K. Speak then. *Bel.* Great King if you command

This Lord to talke with me alone, my tongue

Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts

My youth hath known, and stranger things then these

You hear not often. *K.* Walk aside with him.

Di. VVhy speak'st thou not? *Bel.* Know you this face my Lord?

Di. No. *Bel.* Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Di. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily

I know not where. *Bel.* I have been often told

In Court, of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady

And Daughter to you, betwixt whom and me

(They that would flatter my bad face would swear)

There was such strange resemblance, that we two

Could not be known a funder, drest alike.

Di. By heaven and so there is. *Bel.* For her fair sake

VVho now doth spend the spring time of her life

In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,

That I may scape this torture. *Di.* But thou speak'st

As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost look,

Know.

How came it to thy knowledge that I was his daughter?

Bel. I know it by my own eyes, and I have seen thee.

But I have heard it, and I have seen thee.

Di. O my father, I am your daughter.

That I may gaze upon thee, and be content.

Or else her name, which was his daughter.

Di. What's thy name?

Di. O tis just, that I should be thy daughter.

And I had never seen thee nor my father.

How shall I own thee, if I shall not own my father?

Ere call thee Daughter more?

Bel. Would I had died, and thou hadst been dead.

And I had never seen thee, nor my father.

What I have told, but that I have seen thee.

To hide it longer, yet I joy in this.

The Primrose is all close.

Di. All's discovered.

Di. All's discovered, pray you hold him.

K. Stay him.

Di. Why my shame, it is a woman.

Phi. How! that again.

Phi. Bless be you powers, for your innocence.

K. Lay hold upon that Lady.

Phi. It is a woman, Sir, mark Gentlemen.

It is a woman, Sir, mark Gentlemen.

My soul into thy breast, that would be gone.

With joy, it is a woman thou wert fair.

And virtuous still to age, in despite of malice.

K. Speak you, where's the shame?

Phi. The gods are just. Do I dare accuse none, but before you two

The virtue of our age, I bend my knee

For mercy.

Phi. Take it freely, for I know,

Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,

'Twas meant well.

Are. And for me,

I have a power to pardon sinners as oft

As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy.

Phi. But Bellario,

(For I must call thee still so) tell me why

Thou didst conceal thy sex; it was a fault,

A fault Bellario, though thy other deeds

would

Of such our weighty things, All these I have
 Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst not
 What now we know, My father, wert
 Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
 More and more apprehensive, I did think
 To see the man so rais'd, but still I
 Was but a Mayden longing to be lov'd
 As soon as found, till sitting in my window
 Printing my thoughts in letters, I saw a god
 I thought, (but it was not mine own power,
 My blood flew out, and I was all in
 As I had put it forth, and I was all in
 Like breath, then was I call'd away to
 To entertain you. Never was a man
 Heav'd from a sheep, nor a scap'd tail
 So high in thoughts as I was, I was
 Upon these lips then, which I must keep
 From you for ever, I did hear you talk
 Far above singing; after you were gone
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
 What stir'd it so, alas I found it Love,
 Yet farre from him, I was, but I was
 In presence of you, I had had my end
 For this I did delude my noble Father
 With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dress'd my selfe
 In habit of a Boy, and for I knew
 My birth no match for you, I was past hope
 Of having you. And understanding well
 That when I made discovery of my sex,
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow
 By all the most religious things a Maid
 Could call together, never to be known,
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,
 For other then I seem'd; that I might ever
 Abide with you, then saw I by the Fount
 Where first you took me up. K. Search out a match
 Within our Kingdome where and when thou wilt
 And I will pay thy dowry, and thy selfe
 VVilt well deserve him. Bell. Never fir will I
 Marry, it is a thing within my vow,

But

But if I may have leave to see the Prince,
To see the virtues of her Gold and silver,
I shall have hope to live.
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady,
Drest like a Page to serve you, nor will I
Suspect her living here, come off with me,
Live free, as I do, she that loves my Lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her.

Phi. I grieve such verse should be said in court
Without an Heire: hear me my royall Father,
— Wrong not the freedom of our souls to such,
To think to take revenge of that base woman,
Her malice cannot hurt us, let her free be,
As she was born, saving from shame and fine.

K. Set her at liberty, but leave the Court,
This is no place for such, you *Phi.*
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home,
Worthy to great a Prince, when you come here,
Remember twas your fault that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will. *Phi.* I do confesse
Renowned fir.

K. Last joyn your hands in one, enjoy *Phi.*
This Kingdome which is yours, and after me
What ever I call mine, my blessing on you,
All happy hours be at your marriage joyes,
That you may grow your selves over all lands,
— And live to see your pleiteous branches spring
Where ever there is Sunne, let Princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heaven wils, can never be withstood.

F I N I S.

